Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choise agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whither I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyse, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortunes to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musickes Master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing;
What doe you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer, wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And shee will be your Scholler, therefore looke to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Pe. What's heere a letter, that she loves the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to have my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so hie, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the gods I have not; never did thought

Of

Of my levy offence; nor never
Yet commence, a deed might
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Even in his throate, unle
That cals me traitor, I returne t
King. Now by the gods I doe
Per. My actions are as noble a
That never relisht of a base disc
I came unto your Court for hon
And not to be a Rebell to her stat
And he that otherwise accounts
This sword shall proove, hee's h
King. No? here comes my dau

Enter Tha

Per. Then as you are as vertuou
Resolve your angry father, if my
Did ere solicite, or my hand subsc
To any sillable that made love to
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so pe
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in sub
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affecti
Vpon a stranger? who for ought
May be (nor can I thinke the con
As great in bloud as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, eith
Your will to mine; and you sir, he
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make
Man and wife; nay, come your ha
And lips must seale it too: and bei

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